



BIRTHDAY BOY: ERNEST HEMINGWAY

The newborn squinted and squirmed as the strong morning sun shone through the maternity ward window and silhouetted his already forming mustache. The nurse on duty, Maria, a strong sinewy Cuban—a refugee of the revolution—lifted a small rum-filled baby bottle to his parched lips and said, “bebe baby,” and he drank, and it was good. And true.

So began the life—at least in my imagination—of **Ernest Hemingway**, one of the greatest of American writers, on this very day in the summer of 1899.

If you have a beyond 4th-grade education, then odds are that you’ve read one or more of his books: *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (spoiler: it tolls for thee!), *The Sun Also Rises* (spoiler: bulls die!), *The Old Man and the Sea* (spoiler: fish die!).

In addition to great writing, Hemingway’s ways (good, huh?) and travels inspired many a young American (ok, me) to explore Europe, be it **Spain**, **France**, or **Italy**, all haunts of the Nobel Prize-winning author. And, one would hope, bring a little of the old world culture back to our relatively new-born country, *still squinting and squirming in the morning sun while awaiting our baby bottle of rum.*

QUOTE OF THE DAY

“I love sleep. My life has the tendency to fall apart when I’m awake.” —Ernest Hemingway